

G E M S O F G E N I U S :

being

The most Pleasing and Popular

P O E M S

IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE,

embellished with

HISTORICAL FRONTISPIECES,

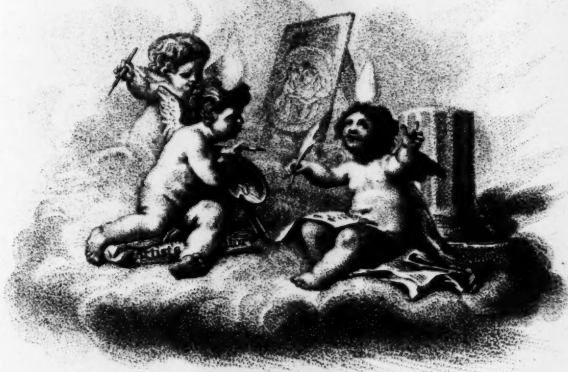
elegantly Engraved from original Pictures, &c;

by the best Masters:

under the direction

of

C. TAYLOR.



L O N D O N.

Published by C. Taylor N^o 105, Hatton-Garden, Holborn



London. Publish'd by C. Taylor June 1. 1707 N^o 105. Hatton Garden, Holborn.

ALEXANDER's FEAST.

A N O D E

FOR

ST. CECILIA's DAY.

.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

.

I.

'T WAS at the royal feast for Persia won,
By PHILIP's warlike son :
Aloft in awful state
The god-like hero sate
On his imperial throne :
His valiant peers were plac'd around ;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound :
(So should desert in arms be crown'd.)

No. I

The

The lovely THAIS by his side,
Sate, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.

Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

II.

TIMOTHEUS plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heav'nly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove :
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the pow'r of mighty love !)
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the God :
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair OLYMPIA press'd,
And while he sought her snowy breast :
Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.

The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound;
 A present deity, they shout around,
 A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound;
 With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the God,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

III.

The praise of BACCHUS then, the sweet musician sung;
 Of BACCHUS ever fair, and ever young:
 The jolly God in triumph comes;
 Sound the trumpets; beat the drums:
 Flush'd with a purple grace
 He shews his honest face.
 Now give the hautboys breath; He comes, he comes,
 BACCHUS, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain:

BACCHUS'

BACCHUS' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure;
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

IV.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain ;
 Fought all his battles o'er again ;
 And thrice he routed all his foes ; and thrice he slew the slain.
 The Master saw the madness rise ;
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
 And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
 Chang'd his hand and check'd his pride.
 He chose a mournful muse
 Soft pity to infuse ;
 He sung DARIUS great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
 Fall'n from his high estate,
 And welt'ring in his blood ;

Deser-

Deserted at his utmost need,
 By those his former bounty fed,
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.

With down-cast looks the joyless victor sate,

Revolving in his alter'd soul

The various turns of chance below :

And now and then a sigh he stole ;

And tears began to flow,

V.

The mighty Master smil'd, to see

That love was in the next degree :

'Twas but a kindred sound to move :

For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,

Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.

War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;

Honour but an empty bubble ;

Never ending, still beginning,

Fighting still, and still destroying,

If the world be worth thy winning,

Think, O think, it worth enjoying.

Lovely

Lovely THAIS sits beside thee,
 Take the good the Gods provide thee.
 The many rend the skies with loud applause;
 So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
 At length with love and wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder,
 Hark, hark, the horrid sound
 Has rais'd up his head,
 As awak'd from the dead,
 And amaz'd, he stares around.

Revenge,

Revenge, revenge, TIMOTHEUS cries,

See the Furies arise,

See the snakes that they rear,

How they hiss in their hair,

And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !

Behold a ghastly band,

Each a torch in his hand :

Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,

And unbury'd remain

Inglorious on the plain ;

Give the vengeance due

To the valiant crew.

Behold how they toss their torches on high,

How they point to the Persian abodes,

And glitt'ring temples of their hostile Gods !

The princes applaud, with a furious joy ;

And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy ;

THAIS led the way,

To light him to his prey,

And, like another HELEN, fir'd another Troy.

VII.

Thus long ago
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
 While organs yet were mute;
 TIMOTHEUS to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine CECILIA came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old TIMOTHEUS yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown:
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
 She drew an angel down.



London: Publish'd by C. Taylor, July. 26. 1797. N^o. 105. Hatton Garden, Holborn.

P A L E M O N'

AND

L A V I N I A.

.

(FROM THOMSON'S SEASONS.)

.

THE lovely young LAVINIA once had friends;
And fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
For in her helpless years, depriv'd of all,
Of ev'ry stay, save innocence and heav'n,
She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage; far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades;
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy fashion and low-minded pride:

Almost

Almost on Nature's common bounty fed ;
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
 Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
 When the dew wets it's leaves: unstain'd and pure,
 As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers;
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy Star
 Of Evening, shone in tears. A native grace
 Sat, fair-proportioned on her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress: for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
 Recluse amid the close-embow'ring woods.
 As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
 And breathes it's balmy fragrance o'er the wild,
 So flourish'd, blooming, and unseen by all,
 The sweet LAVINIA; till at length, compell'd
 By strong necessity's supreme command,
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went
 To glean PALEMON's fields. The pride of swains
 PALEMON was, the generous, and the rich;
 Who led the rural life in all it's joy,
 And elegance, such as Arcadian song

Transmits

Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times,
 When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
 But free to follow nature was the mode.
 He then his fancy with autumnal scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
 To walk, when poor LAVINIA drew his eye,
 Unconscious of her pow'r, and turning quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze;
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The charms her down-cast modesty conceal'd.
 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
 For still the world prevail'd, and it's dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field;
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd;

“ WHAT pity ! that so delicate a form,
 By beauty kindled, where enliv'ning sense,
 And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
 Should be devoted to the rude embrace
 Of some indecent clown ! She looks, methinks,
 Of old ACASTO's line ; and to my mind
 Recalls that patron of my happy life,
 From whom my lib'ral fortune took it's rise ;
 Now to the dust gone down ; his houses, lands,
 And once fair-spreading family dissolv'd.
 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
 Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 Far from those scenes which knew their better days,

His aged widow and his daughter live,
 Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
 Romantic wish !—Would this the daughter were !”

WHEN, strict enquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same—the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful ACASTO ! Who can speak
 The mingled passions that surpriz’d his heart,
 And thro’ his nerves in shiv’ring transports ran ?
 Then blaz’d his smother’d flame, avow’d and bold ;
 And as he view’d her, ardent, o’er and o’er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.
 Confus’d, and frighten’d at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush’d a higher bloom ;
 And thus PALEMON, passionate, and just,
 Pour’d out the pious rapture of his soul.

“ AND art thou then ACASTO’s dear remains ?
 She whom my restless gratitude has sought
 So long in vain ? Oh, heavens !—the very same,
 The soften’d image of my noble friend,
 Alive ; his every look, his every feature,
 More elegantly touch’d. Sweeter than Spring !
 Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
 That nourish’d up my fortune, say, ah ! where,
 In what sequester’d desert hast thou drawn
 The kindest aspect of delighted heaven ?
 Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair ;
 Tho’ poverty’s cold wind, and crushing rain,

Beat

Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years?
 O let me now into a richer soil
 Transplant thee safe; where vernal suns and show'rs
 Diffuse their warmest, largest influence!
 And of my garden be the pride and joy!
 It ill befits thee, oh it ill befits
 ACASTO's daughter—his, whose open stores
 Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,
 The father of a country!—thus to pick
 The very refuse of those harvest fields,
 Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy:
 Then throw the shameful pittance from thy hand,
 But ill apply'd to such a rugged task.
 The fields—the master—all, my fair, are thine,
 If to the various blessings which thy house
 Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
 That dearest bliss—the pow'r of blessing thee!"

HERE ceas'd the youth; yet still his speaking eye
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul:
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
 The news immediate to her mother brought,
 While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
 The lonely moments for LAVINIA's fate.
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam

Of

Of setting life shone on her evening-hours;
 Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair,
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
 A numerous offspring, lovely, like themselves,
 And good—the grace of all the country round.

AH, happy they! the happiest of their kind!
 Whom gentlest stars unite, and in one fate
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend,
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
 That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
 Attuning all their passions into love;
 Where friendship full-exerts her softest power,
 Perfect esteem enlivened by desire
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
 With boundless confidence: for nought but love
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
 Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
 To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
 The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
 Well-merited, consume his nights and days:
 Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
 Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;
 Let eastern tyrants, from the light of Heaven
 Seclude their bosom slaves, meanly possess'd
 Of a mere, lifeless, violated form:
 While those whom love cements in holy faith,

And

And equal transport, free as Nature live,
 Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
 Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all !
 Who in each other clasp whatever fair
 High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish ;
 Something than beauty dearer, should they look
 Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face ;
 Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
 The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven !
 Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
 The human blossom blows ; and every day,
 Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm,
 The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
 Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
 For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
 Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young idea how to shoot,
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
 To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
 Oh speak the joy ; ye, whom the sudden tear
 Surprises often, while you look around,
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss ;
 All various Nature pressing on the heart :
 An elegant sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
 Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
 Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.
 These are the matchless joys of virtuous love ;
 And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,

As ceaseless round a jarring world they toll;
 Still find them happy; and consenting Spring
 Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:
 Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;
 When after the long vernal day of life,
 Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
 With many a proof of recollected love,
 Together down they sink in social sleep;
 Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
 To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign

Gems of Genius.

3



EDWIN and
ANGELINA.
Turn gentle Hermit

London. Published by C Taylor Sep^r. 1797 N^o 105 Hatton Garden, Holborn.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

.....
BY DR. GOLDSMITH.
.....

- ‘TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
‘ And guide my lonely way
‘ To where yon taper cheers the vale
‘ With hospitable ray.
- ‘ For here, forlorn and lost I tread,
‘ With fainting steps and slow;
‘ Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
‘ Seem length’ning as I go.’
- ‘ Forbear, my son,’ the Hermit cries,
‘ To tempt the dang’rous gloom :
‘ For yonder faithless phantom flies
‘ To lure thee to thy doom.
- ‘ Here to the houseless child of want
‘ My door is open still;
‘ And tho’ my portion is but scant,
‘ I give it with good will.

‘ Then turn to-night, and freely share
‘ Whate’er my cell bestows ;
‘ My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
‘ My blessing and repose.

‘ No flocks that range the valley free,
‘ To slaughter I condemn ;
‘ Taught by that Pow’r that pities me,
‘ I learn to pity them.

‘ But from the mountain’s grassy side
‘ A guiltless feast I bring :
‘ A scrip with herbs and fruit supply’d,
‘ And water from the spring.

‘ Then, pilgrim, turn ; thy cares forego,
‘ All earth-born cares are wrong :
‘ Man wants but little here below,
‘ Nor wants that little long.’

Soft as the dew from heav’n descends,
His gentle accents fell ;
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay ;
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care ;
The wicket op'ning with a latch
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest ;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd and smil'd,
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries ;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart,
To soothe the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spy'd
With answer'ing care oppress;
• And whence, unhappy youth, he cry'd,
• The sorrows of thy breast ?

• From better habitations spurn'd,
• Reluctant dost thou rove ?
• Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
• Or unregarded love ?

• Alas ! the joys that fortune brings
• Are trifling, and decay ;
• And those who prize the paltry things
• More trifling far than they.

• And what is friendship but a name,
• A charm that lulls to sleep,
• A shade that follows wealth or fame,
• And leaves the wretch to weep ?

• And love is still an emptier sound,

‘ The modern fair one’s jest :

• On earth unseen, or only found

‘ To warm the turtle’s nest.

• For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,

‘ And spurn the sex,’ he said :

But while he spoke, a rising blush

His love-lorn guest betray’d.

Surpris’d, he sees new beauties rise,

Swift mantling to the view ;

Like colours o’er the morning skies,

As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,

Alternate spread alarms ;

The lovely stranger stands confest

A maid, in all her charms.

• And, ah ! forgive a stranger rude,

‘ A wretch forlorn,’ she cry’d,

• Whose feet unhallow’d thus intrude

‘ Where Heav’n and you reside.

- ‘ But let a maid thy pity share,
 - ‘ Whom love has taught to stray :
 - ‘ Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
 - ‘ Companion of her way.
-
- ‘ My father liv’d beside the Tyne,
 - ‘ A wealthy lord was he ;
 - ‘ And all his wealth was mark’d as mine ;
 - ‘ He had but only me.
-
- ‘ To win me from his tender arms
 - ‘ Unnumber’d suitors came ;
 - ‘ Who prais’d me for imputed charms,
 - ‘ And felt or feign’d a flame.
-
- ‘ Each hour a mercenary crowd
 - ‘ With richest proffers strove ;
 - ‘ Among the rest young EDWIN bow’d,
 - ‘ But never talk’d of love.
-
- ‘ In humble simplest habit clad,
 - ‘ No wealth or power had he ;
 - ‘ Wisdom and worth were all he had !
 - ‘ But these were all to me.

‘ The blossom op’ning to the day,
‘ The dews of heav’n refin’d,
‘ Could nought of purity display
‘ To emulate his mind.

‘ The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
‘ With charms inconstant shine ;
‘ Their charms were his, but, woe to me,
‘ Their constancy was mine.

‘ For still I try’d each fickle art,
‘ Importunate and vain ;
‘ And while his passion touch’d my heart,
‘ I triumph’d in his pain.

‘ Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
‘ He left me to my pride,
‘ And sought a solitude forlorn,
‘ In secret, where he dy’d.

‘ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
‘ And well my life shall pay ;
‘ I’ll seek the solitude he sought,
‘ And stretch me where he lay.

‘ And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
‘ I’ll lay me down and die ;
‘ ’Twas so for me that EDWIN did,
‘ And so for him will I.’

‘ Forbid it, Heav’n !’ the Hermit cry’d,
And clasp’d her to his breast ;
The wond’ring fair one turn’d to chide—
‘Twas EDWIN’s self that prest.

‘ Turn, ANGELINA, ever dear,
‘ My charmer, turn to see
‘ Thy own, thy long-lost EDWIN here,
‘ Restor’d to love and thee !

‘ Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
‘ And ev’ry care resign !—
‘ And shall we never, never part,
‘ My life—my all that’s mine ?

‘ No, never from this hour to part,
‘ We’ll live and love so true ;
‘ The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
‘ Shall break thy EDWIN’s too.’

Gems of Genius.

4



London. Published by C. Taylor N^o 105, Batten Garden, Holborn Oct^r 9, 1797.

E L E G Y,

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

.....

BY MR. GRAY.

.....

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her ev'ning care ;
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield !
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour :
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;
 Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-HAMPDEN, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
 Some mute inglorious MILTON here may rest,
 Some CROMWELL guiltless of his country's blood,

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad ; nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;
 Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
 With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply :
 And many a h ly text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
 E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 ' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
 ' Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 ' To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

' There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 ' That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 ' His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 ' And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

' Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 ' Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
 ' Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 ' Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

- ‘ One morn I miss’d him on the custom’d hill,
- ‘ Along the heath, and near his fav’rite tree ;
- ‘ Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
- ‘ Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;
- ‘ The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
- ‘ Slowthro’ the church-way path we saw him borne.
- ‘ Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
- ‘ Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.
- ‘ There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
- ‘ By hands unseen, are show’rs of violets found ;
- ‘ The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
- ‘ And little footsteps lightly print the ground.’

.....

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown.
 Fair science frown’d not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark’d him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to mis'ry, all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

Cens of Genius

5



CUPID BENEFITTED.

Undamaged is my Bow

Published by C. Taylor & Sons, Station Garden, Holborn, Nov. 11, 1897.

CUPID BENIGHTED.

FROM THE GREEK OF ANACREON.

THE fable night had spread around
 This nether world a gloom profound;
 Nor silver moon nor stars appear
 The lonely traveller to cheer:
 The race of man, with toil oppress,
 Enjoy'd the balmy sweets of rest!
 When from the heav'nly court of Jove,
 Descended swift the god of love,
 (Ah me! I tremble to relate)
 And loudly thundered at my gate.
 "Who's there?" I cried, "who breaks my door,
 "At this unseasonable hour?"
 The god, with well-dissembling sighs,
 And moan insidious, thus replies:
 "Pray ope the door, dear sir—'tis I,
 "A harmless miserable boy:
 "Benumb'd with cold and rain, I stray
 "A long, uncomfortable way—
 "The winds with blust'ring horror roar—
 "'Tis dismal dark—pray ope the door."
 Quite unsuspecting of a foe,
 I listen'd to the tale of woe,
 Compassion touch'd my breast, and strait
 I struck a light, unbarr'd the gate;

No. V.

When

When lo! a winged boy I spy'd,
 With bow and quiver at his side:
 I wonder'd at his strange attire;
 Then friendly plac'd him near the fire.
 My heart was bounteous and benign,
 I warm'd his little hands in mine;
 Cheer'd him with kind assiduous care,
 And wrung the water from his hair.
 Soon as the fraudulent youth was warm,
 " Let's try," says he, " if any harm,
 " Has chanc'd my bow this stormy night;
 " I fear the wet has spoil'd it quite."
 With that he bent the fatal yew,
 And to the head an arrow drew;
 Loud twang'd the sounding string;—the dart
 Pierc'd through my bosom to my heart:
 Then laugh'd amain the wanton boy,
 And " Friend," he cried, " I wish thee joy!
 " Undamag'd is my bow, I see,
 " But what a wretch I've made of thee!"

CUPID DROWN'D.

AS I wove with wanton care
 Fillets for a virgin's hair,
 Culling for my fond design,
 What the fields had fresh and fine:
 CUPID—and I mark'd him well,
 Hid him in a cowslip bell;
 While he plumb'd a pointed dart,
 Fated to inflame the heart.

Glowing with malicious joy,
 Sudden I secur'd the boy;
 And, regardless of his cries,
 Bore the little frightened prize
 Where the mighty goblet stood,
 Teeming with a rosy flood.

"Urchin," in my rage, I cry'd,
 "What avails thy saucy pride?
 "From thy busy vengeance free,
 "Triumph now belongs to me!
 "Thus—I drown thee in my cup,
 "Thus—in wine I drink thee up."

Fatal was the nectar'd draught,
 That to murder love I quaff'd,
 O'er my bosom's fond domains,
 Now the cruel tyrant reigns:
 On my heart's most tender strings,
 Striking now his wanton wings,
 I'm for ever doom'd to prove
 All the insolence of LOVE.

CUPID

CUPID AND HIS TUTOR.

SLUMB'RING beneath the shade I lay,
 Opprest by Sol's meridian ray,
 When to my eyes, in vision bright,
 Appear'd the queen of soft delight ;
 Young CUPID in her hand she led,
 Who bashful hung his little head ;
 " Here, gentle swain !" the goddess cry'd,
 " My boy's maturer studies guide ;
 " Teach him to strike the sounding lyre,
 " And love of sacred bards inspire."
 She said :—with awe I took the child,
 And, by his modest looks beguil'd,
 Began to read with aspect sage,
 My lecture on great HOMER's page.
 Explain'd the THEBAN's devious line,
 And dwelt on MARO's verse divine.
 The giddy boy with slight regard
 Run o'er each grave majestic bard,
 And said he would my pains repay
 By teaching me his fav'rite lay.
 Then careless sung of loves and smiles,
 His wanton pranks, his mother's wiles,
 Of mortal and immortal flames,
 And all the list of sportive dames.
 I bade him cease his idle prate :
 Yet list'ning still, I found, too late,
 I'd quite forgot the tutor's part,
 But had his nonsense all by heart.

CUPID

CUPID DISARMED.

BENEATH a myrtle's verdant shade
 As Cloe half asleep was laid,
 Cupid perch'd lightly on her breast,
 Desirous in that heaven to rest :
 His wings he o'er her bosom spread ;
 And nestled-in his little head.

There slept the god : the nymph, surpris'd,
 Yet mistress of herself, devis'd
 How she the vagrant might intrall,
 And captive him, who captives all.
 Gently her arms the god embrac'd,
 Her bodice half way she unlac'd,
 And then around him slyly cast
 The silken bond ;—and held him fast.

The god awak'd ; and thrice in vain
 He strove to break the cruel chain ;
 And thrice in vain he shook his wing,
 Incumber'd in the silken string.

Fluttering the god, and weeping, said,
 “ Pity poor Cupid, generous maid,
 “ Who happen'd, being blind, to stray,
 “ And on thy bosom lost his way ;
 “ Who stray'd, alas ! but knew too well,
 “ He never there must hope to dwell :
 “ Set an unhappy prisoner free,
 “ Who ne'er intended harm to thee.”

To

"To me pertains not," she replies,
 "To know or care where Cupid flies;
 "What are his haunts, or which his way;
 "Where he would dwell, or whither stray:
 "Yet will I never set thee free;
 "For harm was meant, and harm to me."

"Vain fears that vex thy virgin heart!
 "I'll give thee up my bow and dart;
 "Untangle but this cruel chain,
 "And freely let me fly again."

"Agreed; secure my virgin heart:
 "Instant give up thy bow and dart:
 "The chain I'll in return untie;
 "And freely thou again shalt fly."

Thus she the captive did deliver;
 The captive thus gave up his quiver.
 The God disarm'd, e'er since that day,
 Passes his life in harmless play:
 Flies round, or sits upon her breast,
 A little, fluttering, idle guest.

E'er since that day, the beauteous maid
 Governs the world in Cupid's stead;
 Directs his arrow as she wills;
 Gives grief, or pleasure; spares, or kills;
 And practis'd now in Cupid's arts,
 She reigns triumphant o'er our hearts.

CUPID

CUPID RELIEVED.

AS once young Cupid went astray,
 The little god I found;
 I took his bow and shafts away,
 And fast his pinions bound.

At Chloe's feet my spoils I cast,
 My conquest proud to shew;
 She saw his godship fetter'd fast,
 And smil'd to see him so.

But ah! that smile such fresh supplies
 Of arms resistless gave!
 I'm forc'd again to yield the prize,
 And fall again his slave.

THE FOWLER AND CUPID.

FROM THE GREEK OF BION.

AS a young fowler spread his net one day,
 Cupid was perch'd upon a neighb'ring spray;
 Struck with the sight, he laid his toils, nor fear'd
 The youth t' entrap the new-found, beauteous bird.
 He plac'd his snare, and watch'd in ev'ry part,
 But still the God eludes his cunning art.
 From tree to tree he skips, nor fears the threads
 Which the industrious sportsman idly spreads.
 The simple youth, at length enrag'd, throws down
 His toils, and calls his father to the ground,
 Shews him the God, laments his task undone :——
 When the old father thus instructs his son;
 " Fly, foolish boy," he said; " fly far away,
 " Leave thy vain work, and seek another prey:
 " That glitt'ring bird bears poison on his wing,
 " Far happier thou, untainted with the sting!
 " He flies thee now, but shall, upon thy breast
 " Hereafter sitting, spoil thee of thy rest,
 " Perch on thy head, and seize upon thy heart,
 " And cheat thee in thy own deceitful art."



Gems of Genius.

6



BRAES of YARROW.

Scarcely was he gone, I saw his ghost

London, Published by C. Taylor, N^o 205, Hutton Garden, Holborn, Dec. 1797.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

" **T**HY braes were bonny Yarrow stream!

" When first on them I met my lover;

" Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream!

" When now thy waves his body cover!

" For ever now, O Yarrow stream!

" Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;

" For never on thy banks shall I,

" Behold my love, the flow'r of Yarrow.

" He promis'd me a milk-white steed,

" To bear me to his father's bow'rs;

" He promis'd me a little page,

" To 'squire me to his father's tow'rs;

" He promis'd me a wedding-ring,—

" The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow;—

" Now he is wedded to his grave,

" Alas! his wat'ry grave in Yarrow!

" Sweet were his words when last we met;

" My passion I as freely told him!

" Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought

" That I should never more behold him!

" Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;

" It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow;

" Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,

" And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

" His mother from the window look'd,
" With all the longing of a mother ;
" His little sister weeping walk'd
" The green-wood path to meet her brother :
" They sought him east, they sought him west,
" They sought him all the forest thorough ;
" They only saw the cloud of night,
" They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

" No longer from thy window look,
" Thou hast no son, thou tender mother !
" No longer walk, thou lovely maid !
" Alas, thou hast no more a brother !
" No longer seek him east or west,
" And search no more the forest thorough ;
" For, wand'ring in the night so dark,
" He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

" The tear shall never leave my cheek,
" No other youth shall be my marrow ;
" I'll seek thy body in the stream,
" And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow."

The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow ;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

EDWIN AND EMMA,

A POEM.

*Mark it, CESARIO, it is true and plain,
 The Spinsters and the Knitters in the Sun,
 And the free Maids that weave their thread with bones,
 Do use to chant it. It is silly sooth,
 AND DALLIES WITH THE INNOCENCE OF LOVE,
 LIKE THE OLD AGE.*

SHAKESPEARE'S TWELFTH NIGHT.

I.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
 Fast by a sheltering wood,
 The safe retreat of Health and Peace,
 An humble cottage stood.

II.

There beauteous EMMA flourish'd fair
 Beneath a mother's eye ;
 Whose only wish on earth was now
 To see her bless'd, and die.

III. The

III.

The softest blush that Nature spreads
Gave colour to her cheek ;
Such orient colour smiles thro' heaven,
When vernal mornings break.

IV.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
This charmer of the plains :
That sun, who bids their diamond blaze,
To paint our lily deigns.

V.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair ;
And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not she was fair.

VI.

Till EDWIN came, the pride of swains,
A soul devoid of art ;
And from whose eye, serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

VII.

A mutual flame was quickly caught ;
Was quickly too reveal'd :
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
That Virtue keeps conceal'd.

VIII.

VIII.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
 Did Love on both bestow !
 But bliss too mighty long to last,
 Where Fortune proves a foe.

IX.

His sister, who, like ENVY form'd,
 Like her in mischief joy'd,
 To work their harm, with wicked skill,
 Each darker art employ'd.

X.

The father too, a sordid man,
 Who Love nor Pity knew,
 Was all unfeeling as the clod
 From whence his riches grew.

XI.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
 And seen it long unmov'd :
 Then with a father's frown at last
 Had sternly disapprov'd.

XII.

In EDWIN's gentle heart, a war
 Of differing passions strove :
 His heart, that durst not disobey,
 Yet could not cease to love.

XIII.

XIII.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where EMMA walk'd and wept.

XIV.

Oft too on STANEMORE's wintry waste,
Beneath the moonlight-shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
The midnight-mourner stray'd.

XV.

His cheek, where health and beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercast :
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

XVI.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed ;
And weary'd Heaven with fruitless vows,
And fruitless sorrows shed.

XVII.

'Tis past ! he cry'd—but if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold,
What they must ever love !

XVIII.

XVIII.

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear:
Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning dews appear.

XIX.

But oh! his sister's jealous care,
A cruel sister she!
Forbad what EMMA came to say;
"My EDWIN live for me."

XX.

Now homeward as she hopeless wept
The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's funeral song.

XXI.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found,
In every bush his hovering shade,
His groan in every sound.

XXII.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
The visionary vale——
When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad sounding in the gale!

XXIV.

XXIII.

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
Her aged mother's door——
“He's gone!” she cry'd; “and I shall see
“That angel-face no more!”

XXIV.

“I feel, I feel this breaking heart
“Beat high against my side”——
From her white arm down sunk her head;
She shivering sigh'd and dy'd.

7



Published by C Taylor, No 10, Hatton Garden, Holborn, Feb 1st 1798.

THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.

By DR. WATTS.

I.

SAY, mighty Love, and teach my song
To whom our sweetest joys belong;
And who the happy pairs,
Whose yielding hearts, and joining hands,
Find blessings twisted with their bands,
To soften all their cares.

II.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains,
Who thoughtless fly into the chains,
As custom leads the way :
If there be bliss without design,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as bless'd as they.

III.

Not sordid souls of earthy mould,
Who (drawn by kindred charms of gold)
To dull embraces move.
So two rich mountains of Peru
Might rush to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

No. VII.

IV. Not

IV.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires
With wanton flames ; those raging fires
The purer bliss destroy :
On Ætna's top let furies wed,
And sheets of lightning dress the bed,
To improve the burning joy.

V.

Nor the dull pairs, whose marble forms
None of the melting passions warms,
Can mingle hearts and hands :
Logs of green wood that quench the coals,
Are married just like stoic souls,
With osiers for their bands.

VI.

Not minds of melancholy strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,
Can the dear bondage bless :
As well may heav'nly concert spring
From two old lutes without a string,
Or none besides the bass.

VII.

Nor can the soft enchantment hold
Two jarring souls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen :
Sampson's young foxes might as well
In bonds of chearful wedlock dwell,
With firebrands tied between.

VIII.

VIII.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
The gentle to the savage mind;
For Love abhors the fight :
Loose the fierce tyger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Rise and forbid delight.

IX.

Two kindest souls alone must meet;
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
And feeds their mutual loves :
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

THE BRAMIN'S PHILOSOPHY.

BY DR. WATTS.

I.

WHY should our joys transform to pain?
Why gentle Hymen's silken chain
A plague of iron prove?
BENDISH, 'tis strange the charm that binds
Millions of hands, should leave their minds
At such a loose from love.

II.

In vain I sought the wond'rous cause,
Rang'd the wide field of nature's laws,
And urg'd the schools in vain;
Then deep in thought, within my breast
My soul retir'd, and slumber dress'd.
A bright, instructive scene.

III.

O'er the broad lands, and cross the tide,
On fancy's airy horse I ride;
(Sweet rapture of the mind!)
'Till on the banks of Ganges' flood,
In a tall ancient grove I stood
For sacred use design'd.

IV. Hard

IV.

Hard by, a venerable Priest,
Ris'n with his god, the sun, from rest,
Awoke his morning song ;
Thrice he conjur'd the murm'ring stream ;
The birth of souls was all its theme,
And half divine his tongue.

V.

" He sang th' eternal rolling flame,
" That vital mass, that still the same
" Does all our minds compose :
" But shap'd in twice ten thousand frames ;
" Thence diff'ring souls of diff'rent names,
" And jarring tempers rose.

VI.

" The mighty power that form'd the mind
" One mould for every two design'd,
" And bless'd the new-born pair :
" This be a match for this" (he said)
" Then down he sent the souls he made,
" To seek them bodies here :

VII.

" But parting from their warm abode
" They lost their fellows on the road,
" And never join'd their hands :
" Ah, cruel chance, and crossing fates !
" Our Eastern souls have dropt their mates
" On Europe's barbarous lands.

VIII. " Happy

VIII.

- " Happy the youth that finds the bride
" Whose birth is to his own ally'd,
 (" The sweetest joy of life!)
" But oh, the crowds of wretched souls
" Fetter'd to minds of different moulds,
 " And chain'd t' eternal strife !"

IX.

- Thus sang the wond'rous Indian bard :
My soul with vast attention heard,
 While Ganges ceas'd to flow :
" Sure then (I cry'd) might I but see
" That gentle nymph that twinn'd with me,
 " I may be happy too."

X.

- " Some courteous angel, tell we where,
" What distant land this unknown fair,
 " Or distant seas detain ?
" Swift as the wheel of nature rolls,
" I'd fly to meet and mingle souls,
 " And wear the joyful chain."

CONJUGAL JOYS AND CARES.

BY DR. WATTS.

I.

SHOULD sovereign Love before me stand,
 With all his train of pomp and state,
 And bid the daring muse relate
 His comforts and his cares;
 MITIO, I would not ask the sand
 For metaphors t' express their weight;
 Nor borrow numbers from the stars.
 Thy cares and comforts, sovereign Love,
 Vastly outweigh the sand below,
 And to a larger audit grow
 Than all the stars above.
 Thy mighty losses and thy gains
 Are their own mutual measures;
 Only the man that knows thy pains
 Can reckon up thy pleasures.

II.

Say, DAMON, say, how bright the scene;
 DAMON is half-divinely bless'd,
 Leaning his head on his FLORELLA's breast
 Without a jealous thought, or busy care between;
 Then the sweet passions mix and share;
 FLORELLA tells thee all her heart,
 Nor can thy soul's remotest part
 Conceal a thought or wish from the beloved fair.
 Say, what a pitch thy pleasures fly,
 When Friendship all-sincere grows up to ecstasy;
 Nor self contracts the bliss, nor vice pollutes the joy.
 While thy dear offspring round the sit,
 Or sporting innocently at thy feet
 Thy kindest thoughts engage:
 Those little images of thee,
 What pretty toys of youth they be,
 And growing props of age!

III. But

III.

But short is earthly bliss ! The changing wind
 Blows from the sickly South, and brings
 Malignant fevers on its sultry wings,
 Relentless death sits close behind :
 Now gasping infants, and a wife in tears,
 With piercing groans salute his ears,
 Through every vein the thrilling torments roll ;
 While sweet and bitter are at strife
 In those dear miseries of life,
 Those tenderest pieces of his bleeding soul.
 The pleasing sense of love awhile,
 Mixt with the heart-ach may the pain beguile,
 And make a feeble fight :
 'Till sorrows like a gloomy deluge rise,
 Then every smiling passion dies,
 And hope alone with wakeful eyes,
 Darkling and solitary waits the slow returning light.

IV

Here then let my ambition rest—
 May I be moderately blest,
 When I the laws of Love obey :
 Let but my pleasure and my pain
 In equal balance ever reign,
 Or mount by turns and sink again,
 And share just measures of alternate sway.
 So DAMON lives, and ne'er complains ;
 Scarce can we hope diviner scenes
 On this dull stage of clay :
 The tribes beneath the Northern Bear
 Submit to darkness half the year,
 Since half the year is day.

Gems of Genius.

8



Published by C Taylor N^o 105, Hatton Garden, Holborn Apr. 2, 1798.

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
 Oh! give relief—and Heav'n will bless your store.

These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak;
 These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years;
 And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
 Has been the channel to a stream of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
 With tempting aspect drew me from my road;
 For Plenty there a residence has found,
 And Grandeur a magnificent abode.

(Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!)
 Here, as I crav'd a morsel of their bread,
 A pamper'd menial forc'd me from the door,
 To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome!
 Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
 Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
 For I am poor, and miserably old.

No. VIII.

Should

Should I reveal the source of every grief,
If soft Humanity e'er touch'd your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity could not be repress.

Heav'n sends misfortunes—why should we repine ?
'Tis Heav'n has brought me to the state you see :
And your condition may be soon like mine—
The child of Sorrow—and of Misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then, like the lark, I sprightly hail'd the morn ;
But, ah ! Oppression forc'd me from my cot,
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter—once the comfort of my age !
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,
And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife—sweet foothold of my care !
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell—ling'ring fell, a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man !
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door ;
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span :
Oh ! give relief—and Heav'n will bless your store.

THE BEGGAR WOMAN.

WHY sounds the plaint of misery in the street?
 One gentle bosom only heaves a sigh;
 Unfeeling AV'RICE frowns and passes by:
 'Tis false! the miscreant thinks——'tis all deceit!

The wily trader, wrapp'd in schemes of lure,
 Heeds not the groan long-ling'ring on the air:
 While GREATNESS stoops not, from his seat secure,
 To view Affliction HE will never share.

Woman of want, thy hand is stretch'd in vain!—
 Pity from that cold heart thou can'st not strain;
 Vain tears bedew thy sorrow-wasted cheek;
 Forc'd from thy famish'd babe, the fearful shriek
 Is nothing; sight like thine, so woe-begone,
 Should not be seen, nor heard thy pit'ous moan,
 Where pomp, luxurious ease, and purple pride,
 And mirth, repos'd on downy beds, reside.
 Spoil not the poor and thoughtless merriment;
 Go! hug thy griefs at home—and starve content!

PITY.

PITY.

HAIL, lovely pow'r ! whose bosom heaves a sigh,
 When Fancy paints the scene of deep distress ;
 Whose tears spontaneous chrystallize the eye,
 When rigid Fate denies the pow'r to bless.

Not all the sweets Arabia's gales convey
 From flow'ry meads, can with that sigh compare :
 Not dew-drops glitt'ring in the morning ray,
 Seem near so beauteous as that falling tear.

Devoid of fear the fawns around thee play ;
 Emblem of Peace, the dove before thee flies ;
 No blood-stain'd traces mark thy blameless way,
 Beneath thy feet no hapless insect dies.

Come, lovely nymph ! and range the mead with me,
 To spring the partridge from the guileful foe,
 From secret snares the struggling bird to free,
 And stop the hand uprais'd to give the blow.

And when the air with heat meridian glows,
 And nature droops beneath the conqu'ring gleam,
 Let us, flow wand'ring where the current flows,
 Save sinking flies that float along the stream.

Or, turn to nobler, greater tasks thy care,
 To me thy sympathetic gifts impart ;
 Teach me in friendship's griefs to bear a share ;
 And justly boast the gen'rous feeling heart.

Teach me to soothe—the helpless orphan's grief ;
 With timely aid the widow's woes assuage ;
 To misery's moving cries to yield relief,
 And be the sure resource of drooping age.

So when the verdant spring of youth shall fade,
 And sinking nature owns the dread decay,
 Some soul congenial then may lend its aid,
 And gild the close of life's eventful day.

ADVERSITY.

ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge, and torturing hour,
 The bad affright, appall the best !
 Bound in thy adamantine chain
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied, and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
 VIRTUE, his darling child, design'd,
 To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
 And bade to form her infant mind.
 Stern rugged nurse ! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore :
 What sorrow was thou bad'st her know,
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
 Wild laughter, noise, and thoughtless joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good.
 Light they disperse, and with them go
 The summer friend, the flattering foe ;
 By vain PROSPERITY receiv'd,
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

WISDOM

WISDOM, in sable garb array'd,
 Immers'd in rapturous thought profound,
 And MELANCHOLY, silent maid,
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
 Still on thy solemn steps attend :
 Warm CHARITY, the general friend,
 With JUSTICE, to herself severe,
 And PITY, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
 Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand !
 Not in thy gorgon terrors clad,
 Nor circled with the vengeful band
 (As by the impious thou art seen)
 With thundering voice and threatening mien,
 With screaming horror's fun'ral cry,
 Despair, and fell disease, and ghastly poverty.

Thy form benign, ah goddess, wear,
 Thy milder influence impart,
 Thy philosophic train be there,
 To soften, not to wound my heart.
 The generous spark extinct revive,
 Teach me to love and to forgive,
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are, to feel, and know myself a man.

CHARITY.

CHARITY.

DID sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue,
 Than ever man pronounc'd, or angels sung;
 Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
 That thought can reach, or science can define;
 And had I power to give that knowledge birth,
 In all the speeches of the babbling earth:
 Did SHADRACH's zeal my glowing breast inspire,
 To weary tortures and rejoice in fire;
 Or had I faith like that which ISRAEL saw
 When MOSES gave them miracles and law:
 Yet, grac'ous CHARITY! indulgent guest,
 Were not thy pow'r exerted in my breast,
 Those speeches would send up unheeded pray'r;
 That scorn of life, would be but wild despair;
 A tymbal's sound were better than my voice;
 My faith were form, my eloquence were noise.

CHARITY, decent, modest, easy, kind,
 Softens the high, and rears the abject mind;
 Knows with just reins and gentle hand to guide
 Betwixt vile SHAME, and arbitrary PRIDE.
 Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives;
 And much she suffers, as she much believes.
 Soft PEACE she brings wherever she arrives;
 She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives;
 Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,
 And opens in each heart a little heaven.

Each other gift, which God on man bestows,
 Its proper bound and due restriction knows;
 To one fixt purpose dedicates its pow'r,
 And, finishing its act, exists no more.

Thus,

Thus, in obedience to what heav'n decrees,
KNOWLEDGE shall fail, and **PROPHECY** shall cease;
 But lasting **CHARITY**'s more ample sway,
 Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
 In happy triumph shall for ever live,
 And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

As through the artist's intervening glass,
 Our eye observes the distant planets pass,
 A little we discover, but allow
 That more remains unseen, than art can show:
 So, while our mind its knowledge would improve,
 Its feeble eye intent on things above,
 High as we may, we lift our **REASON** up,
 By **FAITH** directed, and confirm'd by **HOPE**:
 Yet we are able only to survey
 Dawning of beams, and promises of day,
 Heav'n's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight;
 Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.

But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd,
 The **SUN** shall soon be face to face beheld,
 In all his robes, with all his glory on,
 Seated sublime on his meridian throne.

Then constant **FAITH** and holy **HOPE** shall die;
 One lost in certainty, and one in joy:
 While thou, more happy pow'r, fair **CHARITY**,
 Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
 Thy office and thy nature still the same,
 Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,
 Shalt still survive——
 Shalt stand before the host of heav'n confest,
 For ever blessing, and for ever blest.



